

Florida Woman



Written by
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FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S SHELLS & MORE - DAY.

KRYSTEN STODARD stares at something off screen...

She's a southern hairdresser in her mid 40's (Imagining a comedic actress, Kristen Wiig, Tina Fey, Amy Poehler). At first glance she seems laid back, relaxed even, but a closer look would reveal an apathetic malaise, a pervasive disinterest in most, if not all of reality.

Krysten pulls a small tchotchke from the shelf, turns it over in hand, then puts it back before mindlessly shuffling along. She's not buying, just killing time.

We watch as she continues to browse random items in a surf shop, the kind often found in Florida beach towns, full of baubles printed with things like:

All I need are the three S's: Sun, Sand, and Saturdays.

Finally she grabs a pair of cheap yellow sunglasses, *Frank's Shells and More* printed on the side, then exits frame.

INT. SEDAN - DAY.

Krysten waits in line at a drive through coffee shop. Her cell phone BUZZES across the seat. She glances over and silences it. We see BRANTLEY WORK - SEVEN MISSED CALLS...

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY.

Finally Krysten's faded sedan sputters into the parking lot of a small hair salon - *Classy Cutz*.

INT. HAIR SALON - ENTRANCE - DAY.

Krysten enters slowly, iced coffee in hand. She pushes the door gently, attempting to sneak in without alerting anyone. She tip toes to the host stand then glances at the appointment book.

KRYSTEN S. OPENS @ 8 A.M.

She chuckles to herself, brandishes a big "fuck you" smile. Then her eyes widen as she scans further down.

APPOINTMENTS:

Mary Stodard Willmore - 9 A.M. Cut only. KRYSTEN S.

KRYSTEN

(Sotto)

Faaahhck!

Krysten turns quickly to the digital wall clock that reads 9:38. A.M. She curses to herself, then turns and tip toes towards the half wall that separates the entrance from the rest of the salon.

As she leans past we see MRS. MARY STODARD-WILLMORE (70s, kind, gray haired and warm with a classic southern drawl) waiting patiently in a salon chair. Krysten puts on a distressed face and...

INT. HAIR SALON - SALON FLOOR - DAY.

...Rushes in dramatically.

KRYSTEN

Oh my god, Aunt Mary, I'm so sorry
I'm late!

Mary is immediately aghast

MARY

Gah! I knew it, I knew it. As soon as they couldn't get you on the telephone I knew something terrible had happened. I told Brantley, Brantley she's never late! Are you okay dear??

KRYSTEN

And your intuition was right, look at you, you're like one of those clairvoyants on the t.v.!

MARY TROTTER

Oh, do you really think so--

KRYSTEN

Hold up, did they even offer you something to drink?

MARY

Well, I think--

KRYSTEN

I swear this place would fall apart
without me! Hold on, let me just run
on back, fill you up a Yeti with some
iced tea!

MARY

But wait dear, what happened--

KRYSTEN

I'll tell ya when I get back! Hold
tight!

Before Mary can reply again Krysten trots towards a navy
curtain that hangs across an open door frame.

INT. HAIR SALON - KITCHEN - DAY.

RHONDA FRANKLIN (African American female, early 40s, upbeat
and comedic) and BRANTLEY MEADOWS (30s, bleached hair, wears
a tucked in pastel Polo shirt, khaki shorts and boat shoes)
sip iced tea.

RHONDA

...It just fell out of her skirt,
rolled right across that dirty ass
carpet they have in that food court.

BRANTLEY

NO.

RHONDA

And it's this thing that you squeeze
you know, *down there*—

BRANTLEY

Ew, for what?

Rhonda shakes her head - *No clue*. As Krysten enters and
without saying a word goes directly to the refrigerator.
Brantley's mouth falls open, while he watches over Rhonda's
shoulder with growing incredulity.

RHONDA

Well she just picked it back up and
put it in her purse, like nothing
happened--

Rhonda notices Brantley's glare and glances back to see
Krysten, not a care in the world.

BRANTLEY

Um, hello??

Krysten continues, pretending not to hear.

BRANTLEY (cont'd)

Uhm. Krysten? *HELLO??*

Krysten turns to Brantley, almost annoyed.

KRYSTEN

Yeah?

BRANTLEY

I can't believe you.

KRYSTEN

What?

BRANTLEY

You stroll in an hour and half late, sipping on an iced coffee like everything's fine! And you don't even say hello?!

KRYSTEN

I said hey.

BRANTLEY

No you didn't.

KRYSTEN

Yes, I did, right when I came in. I said *heyyy*, not my fault y'all didn't hear me.

BRANTLEY

That's not even the point! You were supposed to open this morning at eight. I called you, I don't know like a hundred times? Where were you??

KRYSTEN

Ummm. No. I'm supposed to open tomorrow. Hey Rhonda, how are you girl? I feel like it's been forever.

RHONDA

Like two weeks?

KRYSTEN

Gosh is that all? I guess I just missed you then. Feels like forever to me.

RHONDA

Aw, I missed you too girl.

BRANTLEY

Krysten?!

KRYSTEN

Hm?

BRANTLEY

Where were you?

KRYSTEN

When? Earlier? I dunno, just, you know, going about my business I guess?

BRANTLEY

Why didn't you return my calls then?

KRYSTEN

Did you call? You know my phone's been being weird. I should probably go over to Verizon later and raise some hell.

RHONDA

Don't get me started.

KRYSTEN

And they act like I'm crazy, you know?

RHONDA

Oh I know.

BRANTLEY

I deserve an explanation Krysten! You can't just do this to people! I had to call Rhonda in, she had to cancel a dentist appointment.

KRYSTEN

Oh my gosh Rhonda, what's wrong with your tooth?

RHONDA

I dunno, it's been hurting for a while now too.

KRYSTEN

Ohh dang, well I hope they can figure that one out for you, I know how annoying that can be. Um Brantley, I don't know what to tell you, I can open tomorrow if you want?

BRANTLEY

No... Ainsley May opens tomorrow, I know you know that!

KRYSTEN

Well I don't know what it is you want me to do. I can't just hop in a little time machine and go back to this morning, that's not the way the world works.

BRANTLEY

Now she's trying to make me crazy, no excuse, no apology.

(Before she can reply)

And don't say your Aunt died because she's been out there for forty five minutes and I'm not interested in some Sixth Sense twist.

RHONDA

Ooh that movie was scary.

KRYSTEN

It was! And that little boy-

RHONDA

Halley Joel-

KRYSTEN

He can act!

RHONDA

MHM!

BRANTLEY

KRYSTEN! I deserve an apology!

KRYSTEN

Oh my gosh Brantley. Geeze louise. I am so sorry that you are upset right now, you know, these things happen, it's life. You shouldn't lose control over your emotions like this.

BRANTLEY

You did this on purpose!

KRYSTEN

Boy, when your wheels getting spinning, they just go right off the rails, huh?

BRANTLEY

Most people who show up this late without an excuse would get fired!

KRYSTEN

You're being so dramatic today, he needs to take a chill pill, am I right??

BRANTLEY

Don't say sentences like that to me.

KRYSTEN

Has he been like this all morning? Maybe you should check your blood sugar. Diabetes runs rampant in your family don't it?

Rhonda begins rifling through her purse.

RHONDA

I think I have a cough drop if you want it? Might be sugar free though.

KRYSTEN

Is it mentholated? If so I'll take one, I like that feeling you get.

RHONDA

I don't know, it might be...

BRANTLEY

Krysten! Where have you been all morning? I deserve an answer!

CUT TO: